NUMB. CXLII.

The SPECTATOR.

——Irrupta tenet Copula—— Hor.

Monday, Auguſt 13. 1711.

THE following Letters being Genuine, and the Images of a Worthy Paſſion, I am willing to give the old Lady's Admonition to my ſelf, and the Repreſentation of her own Happineſs, a Place in my Writings.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Auguſt* 9, 1711.

I Am now in the Sixty ſeventh Year of my Age, and read you with Approbation; but methinks you do not ſtrike at the Root of the greateſt Evil of Life, which is the falſe Notion of Gallantry in Love. It is, and has long been, upon a very ill Foot; but I who have been a Wife Forty Years, and was bred in a way that has made me ever ſince very happy, ſee through the Folly of it. In a Word, Sir, when I was a young Woman all thoſe who avoided the Vices of the Age were very carefully Educated, and all Phantaſtical Objects were kept out of our Sight. The Tapeſtry Hangings, with the great and venerable Simplicity of the Scripture Stories, had better Effects than now the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*, or *Bacchus* and *Ariadne* in your fine preſent Prints. The Gentleman I am married to made Love to me in Rapture, but it was the Rapture of a Chriſtian and a Man of Honour, not a Romantick Hero, or a Whining Coxcomb: This put our Life upon a right Baſis. To give you an Idea of our Regard one to another, I encloſe to you ſeveral of his Letters writ Forty Years ago, when my Lover; and one writ t'other Day, after ſo many Years Cohabitation.

Your Servant,

Andromache.

Madam, *Auguſt* 7, 1671.

'IF my Vigilance and ten thouſand Wiſhes for your Welfare and Repoſe could have any force, you laſt Night ſlept in Security, and had every good Angel in your Attendance. To have my Thoughts ever fix'd on you, to live in conſtant Fear of every Accident to which Human Life is liable, and to ſend up my hourly Prayers to avert 'em from you; I ſay, Madam, thus to think and thus to ſuffer, is what I do for Her who is in pain at my Approach, and calls all my tender Sorrow Impertinence. You are now before my Eyes, my Eyes that are ready to flow with Tenderneſs, but cannot give relief to my guſhing Heart, that dictates what I am now Saying, and yearns to tell you all its Achings. How art thou, oh my Soul, ſtoln from thy ſelf! How is all thy Attention broken! My Books are blank Paper, and my Friends Intruders. I have no hope of Quiet but from your Pity. To grant it would make more for your Triumph. To give Pain is the Tyranny, to make Happy the true Empire of Beauty. If you would conſider aright, you'd find an agreeable Change in diſmiſſing the Attendance of a Slave, to receive the Complaiſance of a Companion. I bear the former in hopes of the latter Condition: As I live in Chains without murmuring at the Power which inflicts 'em, ſo I could enjoy Freedom without forgetting the Mercy that gave it.

MADAM,

I am,

your moſt Devoted,

moſt Obedient Servant.

Tho' I made him no Declarations in his Favour, you ſee he had Hopes of [illegible] *Mouth following.*

Madam, *September* 3, 1671.

'BEfore the Light this Morning dawn'd upon the Earth I awak'd, and lay in expectation of its return, not that it cou'd give any new Senſe of Joy to me, but as I hop'd it would bleſs you with its chearful Face, after a Quiet which I wiſh'd you laſt Night. If my Prayers are heard, the Day appear'd with all the Influence of a Merciful Creator upon your Perſon and Actions. Let others, my lovely Charmer, talk of a Blind Being that diſpoſes their Hearts, I contemn their low Images of Love. I have not a Thought which relates to you, that I cannot with Confidence beſeech the All-ſeeing Power to bleſs Me in. May he direct you in all your Steps, and reward your Innocence, your Sanctity of Manners, your Prudent Youth, and becoming Piety, with the Continuance of his Grace and Protection. This is an unuſual Language to Ladies; but you have a Mind elevated above the giddy Motions of a Sex inſnared by Flattery, and miſ-led by a falſe and ſhort Adoration into a ſolid and long Contempt. Beauty, my faireſt Creature, palls in the Poſſeſſion, but I Love alſo your Mind; your Soul is as dear to me as my own, and if the Advantages of a liberal Education, ſome Knowledge, and as much Contempt of the World, join'd with the Endeavours towards a Life of ſtrict Virtue and Religion, can qualify me to raiſe new Ideas in a Breaſt ſo well diſpos'd as yours is, our Days will paſs away with Joy; and old Age, inſtead of introducing melancholy Proſpects of Decay, give us hope of Eternal Youth in a better Life. I have but few Minutes

'from

‘ from the Duty of my Employment to write in, ‘ and without time to read over what I have writ, ‘ therefore beſeech you to pardon the firſt Hints of ‘ my Mind, which I have expreſs'd in ſo little Order.

I am,

Deareſt Creature,

your moſt Obedient,

moſt Devoted Servant.

The Two next were Written after the Day for our Marriage was fix'd.

Madam, *September* 25, 1671.

‘ IT is the hardeſt thing in the World to be in Love, and yet attend Buſineſs. As for me, all ‘ that ſpeak to me find me out, and I muſt lock my ‘ ſelf up, or other People will do it for me. A ‘ Gentleman ask'd me this Morning what News ‘ from *Holland*, and I anſwer'd She's Exquiſitly ‘ handſome. Another deſir'd to know when I had ‘ been laſt at *Windſor*, I reply'd She deſigns to go ‘ with me. Prethee allow me at leaſt to kiſs your ‘ Hand before the appointed Day, that my Mind may ‘ be in ſome Compoſure. Methinks I could write ‘ a Volume to you, but all the Language on Earth ‘ would fail in ſaying how much, and with what ‘ diſ-intereſted Paſſion,

I am ever Your's.

Dear Creature, *September* 30, 1671, *Seven in the Morning.*

‘ NEXT to the Influence of Heav'n, I am to thank you that I ſee the returning Day with ‘ Pleaſure. To paſs my Evenings in ſo ſweet a ‘ Converſation, and have the Eſtee of a Wo- ‘ man of your Merit, has in it a Par arity of ‘ Happineſs no more to be expreſs'd than return'd. ‘ on the oblig'd Side, and to employ all my Days ‘ in new Endeavours to convince you and all the ‘ World of the Senſe I have of your Condeſcenſi- ‘ on in Chuſing,

M A D A M,

Your Moſt Faithful,

Moſt Obedient, Humble Servant.

He was, when he writ the following Letter, as agreeable and pleaſant a Man as any in England.

Madam, *October* 20, 1671.

‘ I Beg Pardon that my Paper is not Finer, but I am forc'd to write from a Coffee-houſe where ‘ I am attending about Buſineſs. There is a dirty ‘ Croud of Buſie Faces all around me talking of ‘ Mony, while all my Ambition, all my Wealth is ‘ Love: Love, which animates my Heart, ſweet- ‘ ens my Humour, enlarges my Soul, and affects ‘ every Action of my Life. 'Tis to my Lovely ‘ Charmer I owe that many noble Ideas are conti- ‘ nually affix'd to my Words and Actions: 'Tis the ‘ natural Effect of that Generous Paſſion to create ‘ in the Admirer ſome Similitude of the Object ad- ‘ mir'd; thus, my Dear, am I every Day to im- ‘ prove from ſo ſweet a Companion. Look up my ‘ Fair One, to that Heav'n which made thee ſuch, ‘ and join with me to implore its Influence on our ‘ tender innocent Hours, and beſeech the Author ‘ of Love to bleſs the Rights he has ordain'd, and ‘ mingle with our Happineſs a juſt Senſe of our ‘ Tranſient Condition, and a Reſignation to his Will, ‘ which only can regulate our Minds to a ſteady ‘ Endeavour to pleaſe him and each other.

I am, for Ever,

Your Faithful Servant.

I will not trouble you with more Letters at this time, but if you ſaw the poor withered Hand which ſends you theſe Minutes, I am ſure you would Smile to think that there is one who is ſo Gallant as to ſpeak of it ſtill as ſo welcome a Preſent, after Forty Years Poſſeſſion of the Woman whom he writes to.

Madam, *June* 20, 1711.

‘ I Heartily beg your Pardon for my Omiſſion to ‘ write Yeſterday. It was no Failure of my ‘ tender Regard for you, but having been very much ‘ perplexed in my Thoughts on the Subject of my ‘ laſt, made me determine to ſuſpend ſpeaking of it ‘ till I came my ſelf. But, my Lovely Creature, ‘ know it is not in the Power of Age, of Miſfor- ‘ tune, or any other Accident which hangs over ‘ Human Life, to take from me the pleaſing E- ‘ ſteem I have for you, or the Memory of the ‘ Bright Figure you appeared in, when you gave ‘ your Hand and Heart to,

M A D A M,

Your Moſt Grateful Husband,

and Obedient Servant.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE Famous Water-Theatre of the late Ingen- Mr. Winſtanly will continue to be Shewn for 10 Days and longer this Seaſon: There is the greateſt Curioſities in Water-W the like was never perform'd by any. It is Shown for the of his Widow every Evening at 5 of the Clock; with ſeveral Additions made this Summer: As Three new Stages, Sea Gods Goddeſſes, Nymphs, Mermaids and Satires, all of them playing of ter, and ſome with Fire mingling with the Water; and a Sea T round the Barrel that hath entertained the Pit and Boxes with ſo ſorts of Liquors: All which is taken away, and the Barrel is Pieces before the Spectators. Boxes 2 s. 6 d. Pit 1 s. 6 d. Fir lery 1 s. Upper Gallery 6 d. It is at the lower end of Pickadilly is known by the Wind-Mill on the Top of it. When this time expired, Mr. Winſtanley's ſam'd Houſe at Littleberry in Eſſex be open'd in compleat Order, with ſeveral new Additions, and for the benefit of his Widow.

An aſſured Cure for Leanneſs; which proceeds from a Cauſe that few know, but eaſily remov'd by an unparall Specifick Tincture, which fortifies the Stomach, purifies the Blood takes off Fretfulneſs in the Mind, occaſions Reſt and eaſy Sleep, and certainly diſpoſes and cauſes the Body to thrive and become plump and fleſhy, if no manifeſt Diſtemper afflicts the Patients, as Water will quench Fire; 'tis alſo the beſt Remedy in Nature for all Chronick Diſeaſes that take their Riſe from a bad Digeſtion in the Stomach, which this Specifick Tincture infallibly rectifies, and thereby Cures. It is pleaſant to taſte, and is ſold only at Mr. Payn's Toy-ſhop at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard near Cheapſide. Price 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle with Directions.

The Vapours in Women infallibly Cured in an Inſtant, ſo as never to return again, by an admirable Chymical Secret, a few drops of which takes off a Fit in a Moment, diſpels Sadneſs, clears the Head, takes away all Swimming, Giddineſs, Dimneſs of Sight, Flushings in the Face, &c. to a Miracle, and moſt certainly prevents the Vapours returning again; for by Rooting out the very Cauſe it perfectly Cures, as Hundreds have experienc'd: It alſo ſtrengthens the Stomach and Bowels, and cauſes Livelineſs and ſtrict Health. Is ſold only at Mrs. Osborn's Toy-ſhop, at the Roſe and Crown under St. Dunſtan's Church in Fleet-ſtreet, at 2 s. 6 d. the Bottle, with directions.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.